



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

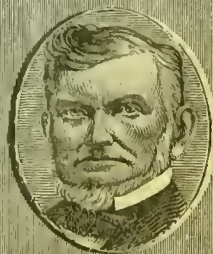
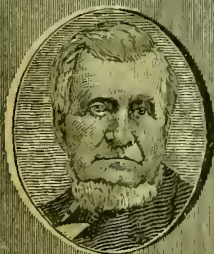
THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi-Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young

Cliff Edward 24 30



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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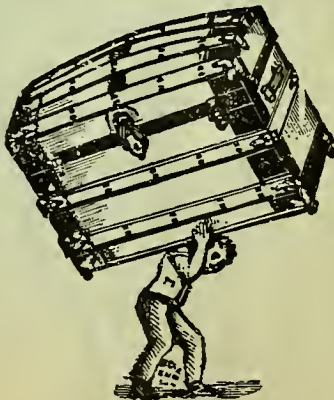
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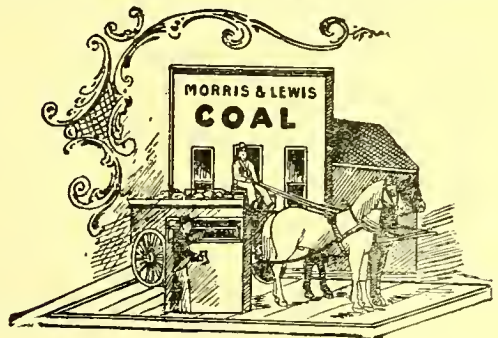
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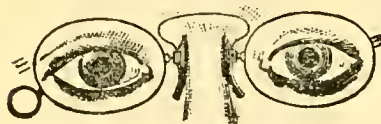
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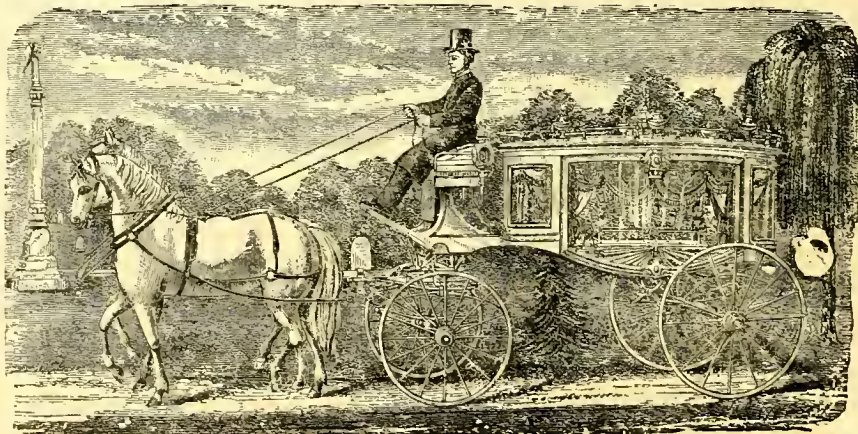
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1895.

No. 20

## NINGPO AND ITS COMMERCE.

ON the eastern coast of the Chinese Empire, in the province of Chekeang, is the "City of The Hospitable Waves,"—Ningpo. It is beautifully situated on

dwellings are mainly of one story, but there are numerous temples and colleges which, although they are not wonders of architecture, improve the appearance of the town. There are two noticeable



CITY OF NINGPO, CHINA.

the Takia river with a background of mountains at the west. Surrounding it is a great, high wall, in which are gateways and openings for vessels to pass through.

As in all other Chinese cities, the

structures in the city, the Obelisk which is about 160 feet high, and the Drum Tower, supposed to have been erected as early as the fifteenth century.

The city, with its brick cottages, its gardens, and vine covered walls is cer-



tainly very picturesque, if not actually beautiful.

The Portuguese, who were among the first foreigners to have intercourse with the Chinese, established a colony at Ningpo during the sixteenth century. For a time they carried on a very successful trade, but at length they became so disagreeable that the natives drove them out of the province. Although the Chinese according to the records, are favorable to foreign commerce, Europeans had great difficulty in establishing a traffic with them. The Portuguese won their favor earliest, and gained a strong foothold in the country, and used all their influence to keep other people out. They were continually working against, and misrepresenting other nations, making the Chinese more disagreeable and overbearing than they would naturally have been.

After the Portuguese were expelled from Ningpo, no attempt was made to carry on commerce there until in 1736, when an effort was made, but which resulted in no good, for duties were high and officials unbending.

Mr. Flint, well known in the commercial history of China, was imprisoned by the natives for two years, and then banished from the country, for endeavoring to re-open the ports of Ningpo. The English were desirous of establishing factories and warehouses there but the Celestials were obstinately bent on preventing their doing so, limiting their commerce to Canton. They seemed blind to the good results of foreign traffic, although we are told that some of the authorities had correct ideas on the subject, one of them addressing the emperor thus: "A great part of the necessary expenses of both the government and the people of Canton is supplied by the customs levied on mer-

chants, and if foreign ships do not come, both public and private concerns are thrown into much embarrassment and distress. \* \* \* The people live by commerce. A man holding a quantity of goods sells them, and procures what he himself requires: thus things pass from hand to hand, and in their course supply men with food and raiment. The government is thereby assisted, the people enriched, and both have means afforded them on which they may depend."

In spite of this the Chinese were contrary and imperious, making such rigorous laws that they were almost unbearable to foreigners. An example of their injustice to Christians is shown in the following circumstance which happened in 1821, some twenty years after American commerce was first opened there. An Italian sailor on the American ship *Emily* dropped a jar overboard. It struck a native woman, who was in a boat at the vessel's side, on the head, and resulted in her death. The unfortunate man was immediately ordered in chains, and shortly afterward was executed, and not one American or European was allowed to be present at the trial or execution.

Similar circumstances occurred almost daily, and had it not been for the valuable articles which the Celestials possessed, and which foreigners wanted, trade would never have continued as it does.

Not only did they suffer the ill-will and obstinacy of the people on the shore but they were also besieged at sea by pirates who tormented and robbed them. "It would be a very rash conclusion to form any estimate of the insecurity of property generally from what is observed at Canton among those connected with the foreign trade, and especially the



Hong merchants. These persons are instruments in the hands of a cautious government which, not wishing to come into immediate collision with foreigners, uses them in the manner of a sponge, that, after being allowed to absorb the gains of a licensed monopoly, is made regularly to yield up its contents, by what is correctly termed 'squeezing.' The rulers of China consider foreigners fair game, etc."

The Chinese were suspicious and jealous of Christians. In one instance a high native official, who was very kind to foreigners, received from them a number of presents on account of his favor. The government, learning of it, stripped him of his offices, and cast him in prison.

They tried, at one time, to make Christians bow down to their officials, but the Christians rebelled, claiming that it was not right for one human being to prostrate himself in any such way before another for the sake of commercial interest. The English said they would consent to do so only on the terms that a Chinese of equal rank should return the compliment and perform the same ceremony to the king of England's picture. They stood firm in this resolve and gained their point, and were afterward treated with greater respect by the natives.

Smuggling is carried on to a great extent among foreign ships. The government, although very strict in this regard, fails to reach them, and opium and other articles are constantly being passed in and out of the country, escaping the duties laid upon them.

In many places the coast of China is rocky and rough, but there are a number of fine, safe harbors which add much to its commercial importance.

The province of Chekeang is a great

silk producing country. The ground is fertile, and mulberry trees are grown extensively, and are constantly renewed to improve the quality of the silk. The internal trade constitutes the greatest portion of their commerce, but they export a great many articles. At Ningpo the chief exports are straw and grass hats and mats, drugs of various kinds, vegetable tallow, and fish, while the leading import is opium. They use an enormous amount of this narcotic. They import about \$5,000,000 worth of it annually, and the demand is steadily increasing there as well as wherever else it is used.

They have an aversion to using European articles, preferring always to make shift with what they have, and with their natural thrift and industry, they use their native materials to the best advantage. Their principal local industries are silk, cotton, furniture, wood carvings and hats. Gardening, tea raising and fishing are carried on to a great extent also.

Ningpo is one of the five commercial centers of China, and is visited regularly by foreign trading vessels. Owing to its advantages it is a more convenient port than some of the others and is a general favorite with Europeans.

*R. A. C.*

Don't put off the little, kindly things you mean to do some time, perhaps very soon, but rather make it your business to do them now. One of the saddest experiences, and one that has come to some of us too often, is that of waking up to the fact that the opportunity for doing the thing we meant to do is past. If your benevolent plans seem to crowd each other, make a choice in favor of the one that is to brighten the life that has least of brightness in it.

THE  
**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCT. 15, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ECONOMY.

THE people of Utah have very little idea of what economy is, when the experience of other people is compared with their own. Even in our own territory the Chinese gardeners give us important examples of thrift and economy of time and material. Every foot of ground which they either lease or own, is employed to the best advantage in producing salable articles of food. Then when one lot of vegetables is gathered, they plant another crop, unless the season is altogether too far advanced to admit of maturity for the plants. Thus in some seasons they plant and gather three crops of radishes, onions, etc.

Nor does scarcity of water discourage them, for they will carry the liquid in buckets to their crops, rather than to allow them to die. Thus by intense cultivation, and by utilizing to good advantage their time, the Chinamen are able to live and save means from a very small piece of land.

Of course white people would perhaps starve on the amount which sustains a Chinaman, yet it is no doubt true that many a white man's summer's work has not netted him the amount which some Chinamen have individually earned in the way indicated. The example of this yellow race is, however, only presented as an illustration of the principle of economy.

A most striking example of the results of industry and thrift is presented in the case of Malta, that now verdant island

in the Mediterranean which was originally a barren rock. The stones, which were soft, were pulverized and mixed with soil that was brought from various parts of the world. All kinds of refuse such as chaff, egg shells, the sweepings of ship decks, kitchen waste, etc., are all carefully gathered by the peasant and these are hoarded as carefully as a miser would his gold. When a little piece of terra firma is secured, the surface of the rock is broken to a depth of perhaps two feet, and the powdered stone is mixed with the now well rotted refuse, making a very rich composition. This little spot is then carefully walled to protect it from floods, wind and weather.

No drop of water on the island which it is possible to save is allowed to go to waste. Water-tight cisterns are prepared in the solid rock to which lead spouts from springs, walls and roofs to gather the precious element. Then by means of pipes or troughs, the water is conveyed by the husbandman to any part of his little domain.

These arrangements which cost so much labor and time enable the farmer to raise two and sometimes three crops a year, and though the rays of the sun beating down upon the rocky island make the heat intense, the terraced gardens present a charming picture of luxuriance.

Wood is so scarce on the island as to make articles made of it very expensive; for which reason stone is most used for the manufacture of household furniture.

The present age is remarkable for its utilization of what was a few years ago considered worthless, and was consequently thrown away. It is truly said there is no waste in nature, and the further man progresses in the knowledge of science, art and manufacture, the more does he realize how economic-



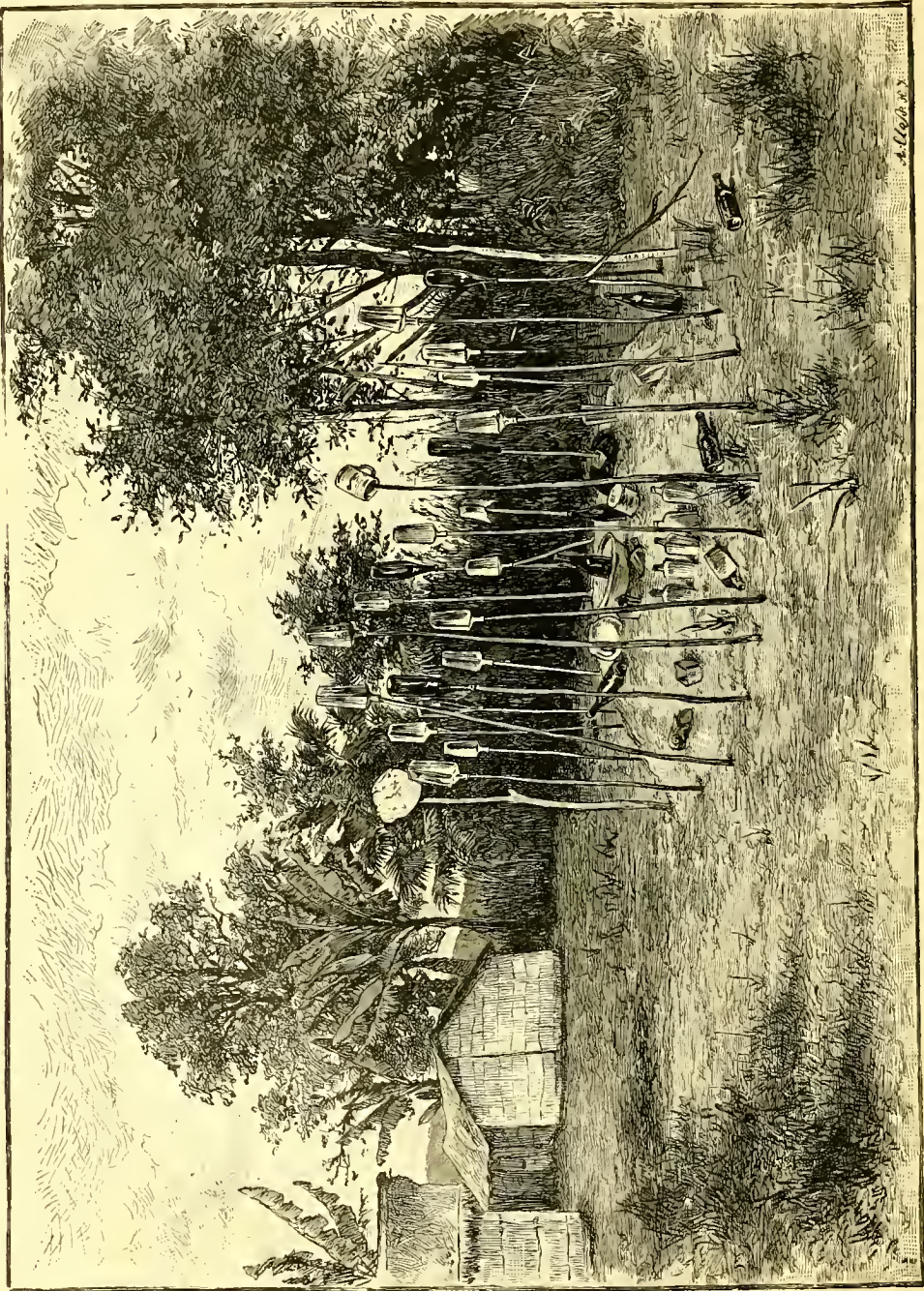
ally and wisely all the forces of nature are utilized; and he sees that everything has a specific value. "Necessity," it is said, "has always been the mother of economics," and the manner in which waste material has been given a commercial value, by applied science gives ample proof of the correctness of the quotation. Just consider the following facts:

For many years the slag from iron furnaces was but useless refuse. It was dumped on waste land, in convenient ravines, and in unsightly masses wherever possible. It is now manufactured into asbestos, cement, glassware, pottery, fire-brick, fertilizers and into the paint which now embellishes the Pullman palace car. Sawdust, so long the nuisance of saw-mills, once dumped into swamps and pits, can now be made into sheeting for buildings, and when mixed with paper pulp supplies an excellent article. It is also serviceable in making aniline dyes, wood alcohol and certain acids. Cotton seed, once left to rot at the cotton gin and used for fuel, now furnishes the oil, lint, food for cattle and fertilizers; the product of the oil industry amounting to \$16,000,000 per annum, with the sale of lint and hulls realizing over \$1,500,000 each in the same period. The refuse of silk factories or warehouses, once a nauseating and uncleanly compound of leaves, imperfect cocoons and dead worms, is now utilized, being sorted by machinery, and the short threads incorporated in valuable commercial fabrics. Coal tar was once but an olfactory nuisance, and sometimes got rid of by burning it under gas retorts; now aniline dyes are obtained from the benzole it contains. Other by-products of coal, such as sulphate of ammonia, etc., are now sources of industry and wealth. The refuse of woolen

mills, once a sanitary sinner in the pollution of creeks and rivers, has come in the range of chemical science, while in many large chemical works the gases, formerly a menace to public health, have by condensation been transferred into valuable commercial articles.

#### THE DARK CONTINENT.

AFRICA, although one of the largest of the continents and reported in history as among the earliest habitations of man, still goes by the name of the "dark continent," and deserves it. Of course this term would apply more particularly to the central portions, where there are still immense areas that are almost wholly unexplored, and of which the civilized world knows little or nothing. At the present rate of progress, however, it will not be long before even this unknown and unpenetrable land will have to yield to the opening forces of civilization. As is the case with almost all new countries or those that when examined seem to offer inducements for colonization, trade or plunder, Africa has suddenly become very desirable in the eyes of several European nations, and a merry scramble is going on to determine which of three or four important European powers shall have the ascendancy or obtain the largest slice of the blackmen's country. Of course the poor natives have no voice or part in all this division or dismemberment of their country, except to submit with as good grace as they can, and make no more trouble for their conquerors than is necessary. It is a peculiarity of those nations called "superior" that they subjugate, enslave and slaughter those whom they ought to civilize and elevate; and the result is that before many years the "inferior" race dwindles into insignificance.



GRAVE OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.



nificance or is almost entirely wiped out of existence. That this will be the case with Africa in the course of time there is little room to doubt. The invader has no use for the native only in so far as he can use him in satisfying his greed, while the introduction of strong drink and other civilized practices, tastes and habits is doing the deadly work of extermination quite as rapidly and effectively as any conqueror could desire. The prevalence of the rum habit is sufficiently shown in the accompanying illustration. The grave of a chief is adorned with a multitude of empty liquor bottles, the number of these emblems evidently being typical of his influence and power.

Although thoroughly barbarous in the portions above referred to, Africa is a country of vast natural resources and abounding in all the elements necessary to the production of wealth. The restless and ever-conquering Caucasian race already are preparing for railroads into the interior and for other agencies to develop those industries which offer the speediest means of bringing riches to their promoters. Much good will of course result from these various enterprises; the one regret being that in rearing the new civilization upon the ruins of the old, there will be countless deeds of inhumanity and innumerable acts that ought to make Christianity blush for shame.

#### HALLOWE'EN CUSTOMS.

THE true origin of the celebration of Hallowe'en is a mystery, but in all likelihood it had, as many other observances have, a pagan parentage, now hidden somewhere away back in the mists of time. It appears, however, to have had some connection with Druid-

ical worship and customs. Its earliest known observance was in Great Britain. Why graveyards should yawn and spirits walk abroad on this particular night probably only the spirits themselves can tell. Some of the customs imply that the spirits of the living also have the power to become disembodied at this particular time, while a person born on Hallowe'en, the old seers say, really sees the spirits which come forth on that night. These things are not believed now, of course, but there is enough mysticism in human nature to yet impel people to tempt fate a little.

Hallowe'en observances nowadays are of a sportive character, although they often follow the lines of the old, serious customs. Ducking for apples is too well known to need description. The apples should be named, however, a custom not always observed, but which gives zest to the fun. When the apple is caught it should be pared without breaking the rind, and the peeling should be thrown over the right shoulder to form upon the floor the mystical letter which begins the name of the future wife or husband. Another apple test of fate, is to take the apple caught out of the ducking tub and go into a dimly lighted room and eat it while standing in front of a mirror, looking into the latter over the right shoulder, when, perhaps, the face of sweetheart or future spouse will appear.

An open fire is absolutely essential to the proper observance of Hallowe'en; how else can the chestnuts be properly roasted or the apple pips duly "popped." The chestnuts are named and placed in the fire in pairs; if they burn steadily a peaceful wedded life may be hoped for. If, however, they snap and bounce about, connubial storms will darken the matrimonial sky. Hazel nuts are also

named and thrown upon the coals. Of this custom the poet Gray says:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,  
That in a flame of brightest color blazed.  
As blazes nut, so may thy passion grow,  
For 'twas thine own that did so brightly glow.

Naming apples is another pastime. After bestowing the name the apple is cut apart and the seeds counted; if they correspond in number to the letters of the name it is considered a most happy augury. Another test of fate is made with apple seeds, each of which is named by a second person; then they are disposed of according to the old rhyme: "One I keep, two I cast away," etc. A third apple seed formula is carried out by taking a seed on the point of a pin and holding it in the flame of a candle, repeating the while the following exhortation:

If you love me, snap and fly;  
If you hate me, burn and die.

There are other and more fearsome ways of prying into the future on Hallowe'en. One, an old Scotch custom, takes a good deal of courage. A girl wishing to know her fate must go forth alone at the hour of midnight and walk around the house backward with a mirror in her hand, in which the image of her fate is expected to appear looking over her shoulder. Another equally awesome custom is to go barefooted into the cellar at midnight with a lighted candle and gaze into a looking-glass placed in the darkest, dreariest corner, to find traced in it the shadowy outlines of the features of one's future spouse.

Burns, who seems to have been an authority on Hallowe'en customs, mentions one in which three strips of ribbon, red, blue and black, are suspended over a door. Girls are then blindfolded and led up to the door and told to reach for

the ribbons. Whoever takes hold of the red will marry into the army, the blue represents the navy, and the black civilians. If a girl wishes to really and truly dream of her future husband, she will bake a nice cake and at 9 o'clock on Hallowe'en will cut it into seven pieces, reserving the seventh piece to put under her pillow, and eating the remainder herself. This certainly should produce the desired results. A ring cake may be cut on Hallowe'en with the assurance that whoever gets the circlet will be married before another All Saints' Eve comes around. Here is yet another way: At bed time, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands must take an egg, which must be the first egg laid by the hen. This must be boiled in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. When it is hard they must cut it in two with something which has never been used as a knife, and each must eat a half of the egg, shell and all, in perfect silence, then, without speaking walk backward to bed, there to dream dreams.

A simple charm is the stealing out at midnight to sow hempseed, repeating the while the following words:

At midnight alone hempseed I throw  
(The peeping elves can see),  
I sow hempseed, my love, indeed.  
Come, garner after me.

A Scotch observance for laddies was as follows: Two dishes are filled respectively with clean and dirty water; a third is left empty. The trembling swain, being blindfolded, is led to the row of dishes, into one of which he dips his hand. Happy the lad whose fingers touch the clean water, for he will surely wed a maiden, but if he dips into the foul water a widow will be his fate, while if he strikes the empty dish, a bachelor will be all of his life.



## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

## THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

By appointment of Governor Caleb W. West, I went as Delegate to the Fourth National Irrigation Congress, which was held at Albuquerque, New Mexico, September 16th, 1895.

It is a very proper thing for delegates from this territory to attend such a convention as this Irrigation Congress, because no people on the continent are more deeply interested in the subject of irrigation than the people of Utah Territory.

It is intended to have legislation, both national and state, enacted concerning the control of waters, and we should be in a position to help to give shape to this legislation, or at least to see that nothing is recommended to the national legislature that will be hurtful to the interests of the people of this great inter-mountain region. <sup>6</sup>The experience of the people of Utah in this direction entitles them to be heard, and there is a disposition very generally manifested to accord them that hearing, and to respect their opinions and views concerning everything connected with the artificial application of water to the soil or the production of crops. There were fourteen delegates (twelve men and two women) from Utah at the Fourth National Irrigation Congress at Albuquerque. The sessions were very interesting, and the subject of irrigation was thoroughly handled, and some of the papers read to the Congress were of great value, as they set forth in a familiar way the best manner of applying water to the raising of different kinds of crops, and gave the results of years of practical experimenting in different localities.

We have been now forty-eight years in this country, during which period we have raised by irrigation almost everything that has formed our food. But we have much to learn concerning the proper application of water to produce the best results. There are times when water can be applied to great advantage, as we all know. There are times, however, when water ignorantly and carelessly applied can do injury and retard the growth of the plants or trees to which it is applied. It is undoubtedly true that in many places in our territory water is too lavishly and carelessly used, and the ground is injured by it. Yet many people seem to think that water being a good thing, the ground cannot have too much of it. Careful experiments have demonstrated that with the thorough cultivation of the soil—the stirring of it up—better crops can be raised with a small amount of water than can be by neglecting the cultivation and depending on frequent watering.

The storing of water is receiving considerable attention at the present time. The best method of doing this has been a subject of discussion. The gathering together of people from different localities, where different methods prevail, is of great advantage in suggesting the best plans to be adopted for this purpose. We who live in Utah will have to turn our attention from this time forward to this important matter. Reservoirs will have to be constructed in various localities. In the past there has been a dread among many concerning the building of dams, because of the danger of their bursting and destroying life and property. Hydraulic engineering, however, is now receiving so much attention that the danger in this direction is fast being reduced to a minimum.

No doubt when Utah becomes a state, measures will be taken to have such supervision of the constructing of dams and reservoirs for the storing of water that the people may feel almost if not entirely safe in regard to their being substantial and free from danger of bursting. Of course it will not do to allow everybody to build dams and reservoirs to suit himself, and in so doing endanger his own life and property or the lives and property of his neighbors.

We have not as expensive a system of canals and dams as there is in Colorado and other places; but we have a more general and simple system of irrigation than is to be found anywhere in the arid regions. It was very gratifying to the delegates from Utah to hear the praise bestowed at this recent Congress by gentlemen from other states and territories upon the success of irrigation in Utah and the system of cultivating small holdings which prevails here. Our manner of settling the country is now viewed with admiration. Not only is the smallness of our holdings approved, but our farming settlements being so laid out as to be convenient for social gatherings, amusements, religious meetings, educational advantages, etc., etc., is now being held up as a pattern for all settlers to follow in the arid and semi-arid regions. This method of living is now recognized as being far superior in every way to the fashion of families living far apart on farms.

#### THE DIVISION OF LANDS.

The Latter-day Saints have not lived in vain. We have for long years been under a cloud. We have been calumniated and traduced, and our names and methods held up to opprobrium. But a great change has taken place in the

feelings of the people towards us. That which we have done in the settlement of this territory is now being viewed in its true light, and our example is now being recognized as worthy of imitation. When the system adopted by the pioneers of settling the land in this territory is pointed out, it contrasts very favorably with the practices in other sections of the country. At this Congress members have listened with interest to the descriptions which have been given concerning the method of taking up land in the beginning of the settlement in Salt Lake City and valley. It is interesting to strangers to be told that the best of the five-acre lots, the ten-acre lots, and the twenty-acre lots were not picked out by the Pioneers for themselves or in any manner monopolized, but that every man had an equal chance and could draw by lot a piece of ground of the size suited to his wants, and no more; that when the city was laid out, the men who laid it out did not select the best lots for speculative purposes, but only took that which they absolutely needed for residence purposes, and that while there was no law to prevent them from taking land, it was a rule, recognized by all, that none should take land and hold it who could not use it. In being made acquainted with these facts thinking people can see the reason for Utah's prosperity.

It is pleasant to see the spirit which was exhibited by the founders of this commonwealth recognized as the true spirit in which to build up settlements and benefit the people; and there is no doubt that in years to come the effect of this lesson will create hundreds and thousands of happy homes throughout the arid and semi-arid regions. The lesson will not be lost even in the humid regions; for the land is not so



plentiful now as it was when we came to these mountains, and people realize the fact that it is not profitable, neither does it conduce to the welfare of the community, for men to hold large tracts of land which they cannot occupy or cultivate to advantage, while the cities of the country are crowded with such dense populations.

*The Editor.*

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JOE.

THE train came to a standstill with a jerk.

"You get out here, my boy," said the conductor.

Joe rose unsteadily to his feet, and climbed down the car steps to the platform. There were lots of people at the station—some who had arrived on this train, and others who were going away on the one almost ready to start.

The continuous noise and motion made Joe dizzy. He looked eagerly at the faces of the people who passed him, but no one seemed to know or notice him, and with a numb feeling at his heart he realized that he was strange and alone. The familiar face he had expected to meet, the protecting hand he had expected to clasp, were not there. The dizziness in his head seemed suddenly to communicate itself to his knees, and for a moment it was an effort with him to keep from sinking on the platform.

There was a long, white box made of rough planks standing lengthwise on the platform near the baggage-car attached to the other train, and Joe moved towards it, feeling that he must sit down a moment or fall.

"I guess you don't want to sit down on that, sonny," said the baggage-man.

He spoke kindly, but there was a curious inflection in his tone.

Joe drew aside, while the man and three of the brakemen lifted the box into the car. Two or three trunks followed, a man shouted, "All aboard," the bell in the engine clanged and the train moved out of the depot.

A camp-stool stood outside the door of the ticket-office, and Joe went and sat down on it, the dizziness and weakness growing momentarily stronger.

He looked helplessly about him.

On the opposite track the engine was switching the newly-arrived train into a yard where a line of empty freight cars stood, the conductor who had been kind to him on the cars being too much engrossed with his work of superintending the performance to pay attention to the plight of his erstwhile charge. Beyond the depot Joe could see the main street of the little mining town climbing the gulch which held it, up to the base of the mountain whose depths held the magnet of wealth which had drawn the inhabitants to the locality. It was all new and strange to him, and the presence of the mountains near, encircling, and chill with their dark evening shadows, had something uncanny and forbiddingly oppressive in their aspect and influence.

Nearly all of the people had disappeared. Some were in the restaurant, some had gone to their homes in the frame houses perched dizzily on the hillsides or settled in the narrow space of the gulch; others had gone away on the departing train, and the few stragglers who still lingered about were as unmindful of him as if he were not in existence.

Presently a man came out of the door near which Joe was sitting. He glanced curiously at the forlorn little figure.

"Hello, Bubby! Want anything?"

"I want father."

"Haven't lost him, have you?"

"I don't know. They said he would be here to meet me."

"What's his name, sonny?"

"Henry George Winters."

The man stared.

"What?"

"His name's Henry George Winters."

The man gave vent to a long whistle.

"Where'd you come from?"

"Philadelphia."

"You didn't come alone?"

"Yes, sir."

The man put his hands in his pockets and gazed at Joe with an expression of mingled pity and perplexity.

"Did your mother send you out here?" he asked.

"No, sir. Mother's dead. She died a week ago."

"Phew!"

The man stared with a still stranger expression, and his eyes had grown suddenly dim.

"And they sent you out here?"

"Yes, sir, to stay with father."

The ticket-agent laid his hand on Joe's shoulder.

"You're in hard luck, little man, that's sure."

He called to a man who was coming out of the yard opposite.

"Sam."

The man he hailed came across the track. It was the conductor who had come through on the train with Joe.

"Do you know anything about this affair, Sam?"

"What, the boy here? Oh, yes. He got on our train at Omaha. His mother died suddenly, it seems, and they sent him out here to his father. Why? Anything wrong?"

The ticket-agent stepped close to the other and said something in a low tone.

The latter drew his breath with something like a gasp.

"You don't mean to tell me——"

"No possible doubt about it. It happened yesterday. He wanted to be sent to his wife in Philadelphia. We shipped the body East on tonight's train." "Phew!"

The conductor brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Anyone here to look after him?" he asked after a moment.

"Not a soul that I know of. Winters didn't have many friends."

"Leave anything?"

"Not a cent. The boys at the mine where he worked paid the shipping expenses."

The conductor's face twitched strangely.

"See here," he said in an uneven voice, "I can't keep him for good, because I'm a single man, and back and forth on the road all the time. But I'll take him with me tonight, and maybe tomorrow, or when he's had time to get use to it."

"Poor little waif!"

The two men stood for a moment staring at the platform in silence. Finally the ticket-agent roused himself and glanced over his shoulder at Joe.

"I've got to let you break it to him," he said in a husky whisper.

The conductor went over and took Joe's hand in his.

"You are to come with me, Joe," he said, and the two went away together.

\* \* \* \* \*

Steep, rock-bristled mountains, with bald, bleak tops rising from the canyon-way up to unreachable heights; patches of dark pine forests climbing towards their inhospitable summits, with mys-



terious shades and sounds and silences lurking amidst their sloping rock-littered groves; weird shadows creeping down the slopes like dusky phantoms, and an inexpressible but conscious stillness known only of lone fastnesses, making itself felt almost as a presence—these were the influences with which Joe had to deal almost as with the tangible beings or personalities—so intense was their effect upon his impressionable nature.

Keenly alive to the influence of their beauty, there was yet something cold and repellant in their suggestion, and always that which touched a sorrowful chord in his being, so akin was it to the ever-present sense of loneliness and desolateness in his heart.

He was conscious of both these influences now, as he toiled up the steep canyon alone; and the sense made him quicken his footsteps towards the place where he would have the solace of human companionship.

A telegram had come for Knight, one of the mine owners who was here for the summer, and as he was up at the mine, the delivery of the message had been relegated to Joe by Ah See, the chief domestic of the Knight household, that worthy preferring to exchange Chinese gossip with his brother celestial at the miner's boarding-house rather than personally attend to the necessarily arduous mission imposed on him by his mistress.

"You takee teelegram, you ride down misse' clililden on tlam car. Have heapee much glood ttime."

Ah See was the only one in the camp who condescended to use argument or persuasion with Joe in the matter of securing his service. Having no actual guardian, and posing as a dependent, in a sense, of the entire community, each and every one assumed the liberty

of exercising absolute authority in regard to dictating Joe's actions.

The fact was that the novelty of Joe's history and position, which had made him a chief object of sympathy and interest to the town for several months, had suffered the attrition of custom, and by its process he had descended the scale of prominence from hero to almost absolute nonentity, that is so far as the collective interest of the town was concerned. Not that the people had ceased to sympathize with him; it was simply that constant association, familiarity and time had brought his story and himself down to the commonplace; the boy being looked upon a little in the light of a burden, whom it was a matter of duty for them to pity and look after, though to no one in particular had fallen his especial care. The fact was, that the miners who possessed anything in the way of a home had also families of their own; and it meant much to their strained circumstances to add to them the care, clothing and feeding of an extra being. Those in better circumstances, such as the superintendent and others, were single men, so that the obligation could not touch them; and Knight, whose position made it possible to do much for the homeless waif, was too much under the dictum of his wife's will to decide the matter as would have suited his inclination and conscience.

Though not what could be termed actually inhuman, Mrs. Knight was the victim of a selfishness begotten of prejudices of family pride, worldly station and wealth, which showed itself in all her social relations, and especially with regard to her children. The narrow view of looking upon the poor as being necessarily inferior in character and breeding, had made her evince the

same exclusiveness in the selection of their associates that she exercised in regard to her own. Hence her chief argument in Joe's case had been the possible hurtful influence of his companionship; and she had held her ground with the accustomed tenacity which characterized her dominating will.

Her husband compromised by giving Joe leave to stay at the boarding-house, operated by the mine-owners. Seeking to alloy his twinges of misgiving and self-condemnation for the lack of spiritual material furnished by the moral atmosphere of the place, by reflections upon the good fortune and beneficence which lay in the fact of the boy's having bed, board and clothing, assured him without cost, a significant item indeed, in this world overflowing with riches, but which only the few may hold in abundance. Whether bed and board might compensate for the possible influence of coarse environment on the character of the impressionable and tenderly reared boy, of course was not to be considered, so much does physical or material welfare outweigh with some the importance of spiritual development.

It would in reality have been the supreme element of aid and happiness in Joe's life just now to have been given the companionship of children with refined instincts like his own, and above all the tender sympathy and solace which women alone know how to give without hurt to sensibilities or character. But it was not to be, and each month made the desolate void in the boy's life more intense and unbearable.

Joe's heart sensed it just now, in a blind sort of way, as he came in sight of the mine. The two Knight children were there before him—their father often took them with him to give them

the ride up and back on the tramcar—and Joe saw them playing together near the tramway that ran down the hillside.

For a moment his heart beat fast in joyous anticipation. What a glorious ride they would have down the mountain all together! Then his heartstrings tightened a little. The sense of aloofness which he had been made to feel came between him and the offered pleasure. He was not one of them; and though he would be permitted to go with them there would be none of that joyous comradeship which makes the chief charm and poetry of children's lives.

Joe sensed the influence, without being able to express it, and it took the momentary elasticity from his footsteps as he climbed the ties of the tramway. Suddenly he stopped and stared up the mountain. Two or three men who were working around the shaft had stopped their work and were shouting something. Was it to him? No, for now in an instant they had dropped their shovels and were running towards the spot where the Knight children were playing.

One glance and Joe's heart stood still. The two children who were now on the tramcar, in their play had loosened the brake, and the car was gliding down the mountain. Already it was beyond reach of the men flying in frantic pursuit, and each moment was gaining in velocity. An instant more and it would be moving with lightning speed to destruction.

Just below where Joe stood the track followed a curve of the mountain, and parallel with the curve a precipice, with a sheer fall of eighty feet, faced the oncoming car. Usually in passing the curve, the man who managed the car brought it to a snail's pace, for the momentum of even a slightly rapid



speed would hurl the car forward over the cliff. With the rate at which it was now moving.

Joe had sensed it all in his first glance.

There was no one near enough to the track to save them but himself. But how could it be done? Only superhuman strength could enable one to stop the car now!

A sudden thought came to him. He remembered that once when he had ridden down on the car with some of the miners something had happened to the brake, and the men had thrown a piece of timber, which happened to be on the car, in front of the wheels, and it had stopped them. If only he could do that now he might save them. The car was rapidly nearing the spot where he stood, and he had only an instant to act.

There was nothing in sight for his use but a huge boulder which lay on the hillside above the track, and in a bound he reached it and put the strength of his frail frame into an effort to move it. Frantically, faithfully he worked, but in vain. The rock was imbedded in the hillside, and would not yield to his slight strength.

He heard the rush of the car whirling close at hand, and caught a glimpse of the two children, Florence with her pretty, innocent face set like a pearl in its cluster of golden curls; the boy with frightened face holding tight to his sister's hand. An impulse born of the innate nobility and chivalry of his nature came to him. A quick leap and he was lying across the rail in front of the flying car; then, suddenly, there was a sense as of the mountains with all their weight of mass and dread influence crashing down upon him, and all was blank.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joe's eyes opened heavily. A woman with streaming eyes sat beside him holding his hand clasped tightly in hers.

"Do you want anything, Joe?"

Joe did not answer.

"Let me do something for you, Joe."

The words were almost a prayer, the tone was almost agonized in its expression. Still Joe did not speak.

"If there is any wish in your heart, Joe, don't—don't keep it from me."

Joe's lips moved painfully, and the woman leaned her face close to his to catch the words.

"I want to go—back—where mother's grave is."

"Yes, Joe."

A brief silence, broken only by Joe's hardly drawn breath, and the woman's stifled sobs. Then Joe spoke again.

"It ain't so lonesome where there ain't mountains."

"Oh, Joe! Joe!"

The voice was choked now, and the tears were falling from her eyes on Joe's face. His voice murmured again in half apology.

"It seems as if I'd feel better—if I—was near mother."

"You are going to her, Joe."

Joe's face brightened for a moment, then fell a little.

"It's kind of lonesome, alone on the cars, but the conductor—was good to me."

"You will have dear friends with you, Joe."

He lay for a few moments thinking, an old, troubled expression on his face.

"There ain't any one to take care of me, when I get there," he said presently.

"They will all be there, Joe, all the dear ones you have known and loved best."

Joe shook his head.

"Mother and father's dead," he said wearily. "I ain't got any other relations."

His breath was coming slower, and it was with an effort that he spoke at all.

"I know, Joe; but they are dead only to this world. Somewhere else they are alive. They left you behind for a little while, but now——"

Joe's heavy eyes fixed themselves on her face in steady questioning. His breath came faster.

"Am I—going—to see them?" he whispered.

"Very soon, Joe."

A look, such as alone might light the faces of those who, enclosed in prison walls, see sudden vistas of free sunlit space opening before them, came into Joe's countenance. He closed his eyes, and both were silent.

A brief time passed; then his hand, which had lain listless in that of the woman's, clasped itself tightly about her own, as if he had suddenly sensed the need of its sustaining grasp.

Only for a moment. Then with the look that told of utmost content and peace, of sunlit fields and flowers, and bliss of sheltering, nestling arms, he went upon that journey at whose beginning were no heart-breaking farewells, and at whose end no tragic greetings.

\* \* \* \* \*

In one of the large cities of the west, a splendid mansion—built not as a refuge, but a home for motherless and fatherless children, is dedicated to Joe's name.

"Mrs. Knight is a changed woman since her children came so near death," those who had known her said. "Some people are just that selfish they have to have troubles threaten themselves or

their own kind, to make them merciful to others."

But they did not now know aright the woman of whom they talked. It was not selfish fear, but Joe's self-sacrifice, which had melted the snows, and in their place had lit and was keeping alive the fires of divine love and compassion in her heart. A child—such was Joe's life-work.

Are there many whose earthly mission can claim more?

*Josephine Spencer.*

#### A KIND PROVIDENCE.

IN the month of November, 1867, while traveling from place to place as a missionary in Denmark, I came to a small village called Dysted. It was in the South Sjælland district, in the Copenhagen Conference. I had visited nearly every house, when it began to be late in the afternoon, and I concluded it was time to be looking for a lodging place for the night.

It was raining very fine, and had been for nearly two weeks, which made traveling very unpleasant.

I inquired at several places for lodging, but was told to go to a farmer, whose house was some distance from the road. When I saw that there was no other prospect for me than to go to that place, I started off towards the house. On arriving and stating my errand to the lady of the house, she said she could not entertain me; so I bade her good-by. I had just turned to leave when I was called back. I was told by the lady that I could stay over night, as she had seen her husband. I went inside the house, and was given a chair in the sitting-room. The lady left me, closing the door, and I was left alone in a dark room.



One hour had passed away, and I was still alone. Suddenly the door was opened, and the lady stepped inside. She walked right up to me and asked if I wanted something to drink. I replied that I did. She brought me a glass of milk, and then left. When I took the glass in my hand I was not able to raise it so I could drink the milk; yet I could move my hand, and set the glass back on the table. I tried three times to place the glass to my lips, but could not do so. I began to feel uneasy, and believed that some poison was placed in the milk, so I threw it out of the window. I had no sooner done this than the door was opened and the lady came and asked me if I wanted some more milk. I said, "No, thanks, I have had all I want," so she left me again in utter darkness.

It was getting close to nine o'clock and every minute seemed to me to be an hour. I was busy planning how to get away, for I felt that something evil would happen if I could not escape from that place.

Presently the man appeared with a lamp in his hand. He never spoke a word to me, but sat down on a chair opposite me. Supper was now ready, but no one asked me if I wanted anything to eat.

When the man got through with his supper he turned right towards me. His first question was, "Well, how is the mission? Are there many who believe and become members of the Church?"

I told him yes, there was quite a few. Finally a conversation was begun about the Gospel. The man was very abusive in his language toward me, and I was anxious to get away.

As the clock was striking ten, a thought came to me about a family in the village near by who would like to

see me at that hour, which was the time the gentleman came from his work. So I said to the man, "Now, you must excuse me, for I have promised a lady in the village to be at their house at ten this evening."

"O no!" said the man, "it is too late. Your bed is ready," signalling to his wife to show me the place.

I took a look at the room, when to my horror I found it to be a small, square room with no window in it, and only one door which led into the room where we were sitting.

Returning to the man, I thanked him for the room and bed that I was to sleep in, but added that I must go and fulfill my promise to this lady up in the village, and if I did not return inside of one hour he should not wait for me.

Seeing that I was determined to go, he said, "Well, I will wait for your return."

So I took my coat, satchel and hat and bade them good night.

The man and his wife both kept their seat, so I had to find my way out in the darkness. When I came to the outer door I could not get it open. By feeling with my hand, I found that an iron chain had been placed on the door so that no one could come in from the outside.

Here I stood a long time before I got the end of the chain off, for it was fastened in four places. When I got the door open I can assure you, dear readers, that I felt thankful unto my Heavenly Father that I once more could breathe the cool air of the night.

I closed the door, and off I went for the village as fast as my feet could take me. After leaving the house the dog had been turned loose by the man and was sent after me to bite me. But the dog came so swift that it passed me,

and I took up a stone to drive it off if it returned to attack me.

It was getting very late, so I did not call on the people I had told the man that I was going to see, but started off to a place where lived a family who were members of the Church.

I reached my destination at midnight. Here I related my experience of the evening, when I was told that the man whom I escaped from was an ex-convict and had just returned from the state prison where he had been for eighteen years. The crime for which he was imprisoned was poisoning two young men, strangers in the land, whom he robbed and then buried in his field.

Both the family and myself were thankful to our Heavenly Father that my life had been preserved.

*H. F. F. Thorup.*

#### ENCOURAGING GENIUS.

HARRY BROWN, the editor of a popular paper, and occasional publisher of books, was my friend. I had dropped in one day, as was my habit, to read the exchanges, and, as was his habit, he had given me a pair of scissors and a blue pencil, with the remark:

"Just scissor out what you are sure we want, and mark what you think I need to look over, there's a good fellow."

"No cheek like that of a newspaper man," I used to mutter under my breath, but did as he wished, nevertheless.

This particular day I found him very busy with a man who had written a book, and as a natural consequence wanted it published. Having set me to work, Harry proceeded with the conversation where I had interrupted it.

"Your book is a very remarkable work."

The author's eyes brightened.

"I may say very a peculiar and indeed unusual delineation of character. I have read it carefully, and nothing exactly like it has ever come under my notice either in real life or literature. It is even beyond the scope of my imagination. It is simply immense."

But under his suave politeness there was a vein of contempt plainly audible to my ear, long accustomed to the peculiarities of his character and the intonation of his voice. The author, however, did not perceive anything amiss.

"Then I am to understand that you will publish it at your own expense and pay me——"

"My very dear friend," said the editor, in a yet more silky voice, and circumflex inflection in capitals, "you did not allow me to finish. We must cater to the public taste. I would not dare publish a book written by an angel, unless the subject was in touch and harmony with the fashionable fads of the reading public—at least, not at our own expense."

The author looked stupidly at the editor.

"What—what—er—would you advise me to do with it then?" he asked in a helpless way, looking at the huge package of manuscript the editor had placed in his hands.

"If you really ask my advice I'll give it. Lay it by; it's a book that age will not hurt. And while we educate the public taste up to this sort of thing, why try your hand at——"

Here a knock at the private door interrupted the conversation, and a girl of perhaps sixteen was shown into the sanctum. She was so nervous that she



could hardly speak, yet there was a good deal of spirit in what she said.

"I sent you an article about a month ago on 'Woman.'"

The editor bowed. I could see his face from where I sat, and the girl's also. There was such a sneer in that bow, such utter contempt expressed in the slow smile, the silent lips, and searching eyes, that the girl blushed scarlet, and I wanted to thrash Harry.

"Well," said the girl, nerving herself for the effort, "you did not see fit to pay the price marked on it and publish it, why did you not return it?"

"Publish it! I should think not!" and he laughed as though immensely entertained with the absurdity of the idea. His laconic reply, his whole manner angered her.

"Why not?" she demanded rising to her feet—but she will probably never ask such a question of an editor again as long as she lives.

"There was absolutely nothing new in it except the orthography," said the editor with slow distinctness. "It is all right to 'come of a proud and a haughty race,' but really you ought to know how to spell it. I did not return it because you forgot the little formality of enclosing postage, and I shall have great pleasure in placing it in your own hands. Before offering it to another publication perhaps you could get somebody to arrange the pronouns so your characters would be sure of their own identity, and your hero would not so often change places in the thoughts of the reader with his dog."

The girl turned white to the lips; the author looked at her pityingly, and the editor had the grace to turn his head away and pretend to hunt for the article, while she made a heroic effort to retain her self-possession.

At last the editor pretended to find the manuscript, which I perceived was under his hand all the time, gave it to her, and without a word she went out; but the look on her face and the droop of her figure reminded me of the indescribable pathos of some dumb creature wounded to the death.

As soon as she shut the door I came out of my corner.

"See here, Harry," I said, "I don't know that girl, and you are my best friend, but I've a notion to thrash you within an inch of your life for the brutal way you treated her. What in the name of common sense do you expect of a girl of that age?"

"Cool down, old fellow, every man understands his own business best, but not all of us have the courage to do our duty when it is disagreeable. That little woman has talent, and I am not at all sure it is not of a quality which we term genius."

I was mollified a little.

"You didn't tell her that. You should recollect that genius is a very tender plant, and you may have so discouraged her that she will never write again."

"That shows what you know about genius, or even talent! Why it's as tough as finely tempered steel. You can't discourage a genius till he quits. He can't quit. The lines of all successful people prove it. Why that girl has a most penetrating appreciation of human nature, almost second sight. Good memory for events, and an excellent discrimination as to what to tell, what to infer, and what to leave out altogether."

"Why didn't you tell her so?"

"My friend," said the editor, and he seemed to have forgotten the presence of the author altogether, "she has been praised until she is nearly spoiled. I

have given her a wholesome tonic, and although she will hate me as long as she lives, it may save her from being a total failure. She spells atrociously, uses English loosely, does not paragraph or capitalize properly, and is ignorant of some very important rules of grammar. She fancied her genius would soar through an atmosphere all liquid-blue and sunset-gold, on unsoiled and unmeasured pinions, which is all bosh, you know. She will be in despair for a week, perhaps, burn all her effusions, and think her literary career is at an end. Then she will rise grandly, and with the firm resolve to humble me to the dust, reaching a state of perfection that I will come crawling to her with a lot of other editors for her manuscripts; she will take heroically to her dictionary, grammar, and spelling-book. Do you think I like to hurt the feelings of a pretty girl like that? No, sir. I'm a hero. If I had not believed in her I would have been suave and polite, and told her it had been crowded out, or did not fit our publication, or something of that sort, for it would not have mattered much."

Then, as if just recollecting the author who was still waiting, Harry said with his blandest smile:

"Will be pleased to examine any other work you may desire to publish in future," and bowed him out.

"There is the person you should be sorry for; no use to hurt his feelings, or even tell him the truth. He has a splendid education—no brains. This copy is so perfect, it is a pleasure just to look at it, but there surely were never so many of our grand old English words piled together in irreproachable form before, that had not a single idea in them. No, no, time will never hurt his book; it is impossible to hurt it. I

was just about to recommend him to apply for a place as copyist to some person who did have ideas. Poor fellow! But that girl; there was that in her article crude as it was, and as hard to describe as the perfume of a rose, that tells me she will succeed if the will is ever aroused to acquire that scholastic polish without which the grandest thought may be made ridiculous. The impulse must come within; it is always a matter of self-effort. Owen Meredith said a true and a grand thing when he said in 'Lucile:' 'When a soul arms far battle, it goes out alone.' She is young; well for her if the lesson is learned now." Then with a long sigh—"I wish somebody had given me such a dose as that when I was sixteen," and he went back to his desk, and I to my newspaper.

*E. J.*

### SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.)

#### Borrowing.

THERE is no habit so easy to fall into, nor one so hard to break away from, as that of borrowing. It is so simple to say, "Will you lend me this or that?" but when the time comes to pay back the loan you are almost sure to begrudge it and say something about it, forgetting how much you appreciated the kindness shown you when you hesitatingly asked the favor.

The woman who borrows tea, sugar, rice, etc., or the man who asks for the use of a plow, shovel or hoe, becomes a nuisance. His neighbors dread his coming, and soon all try to avoid him. Do not borrow unless in a case of necessity, and then be sure to pay back the loan promptly at the specified time.



A good story is told of a lady who was a constant borrower. Her neighbor, the lender, noticed each time provisions of any kind were loaned a little less was returned. She now tried this scheme on the borrower. Each time she loaned her tea and received the pay back she put the cup in the cupboard and then gave the same tea the next time the borrower came. Soon the cup was empty, and of course it resulted favorably.

It is much better to live within one's income, for this is the secret of prosperity and a sure road to happiness.

*Emma Weech.*

#### The Jackdaw.

LITTLE Johnny was sitting in the corner crying as if his little heart was broken, because he has been very ill and all his shining locks that once made him so beautiful had been taken off by a fever, leaving his head perfectly bald.

"O, mamma," said he, "I'm going to get some hair to glue on my head. I'm so ugly the girls all laugh at me and call me baldy, and I'm going to have some nice clothes if I have to steal them; I don't care if it is naughty. Everybody likes little boys if they have pretty clothes, it makes no difference how mean they are."

"Never mind, Johnny," said his mamma with a smile. "Listen and I will tell you a story."

"A long time ago there was a man who was going to give a prize to the prettiest bird in the land. All the birds were called together, and Mr. Jackdaw, the homeliest and most selfish one of them all, wanted to win the prize.

"He stole a feather from every bird and mixed them in with his own.

When his toilet was finished you can imagine how funny he looked as he strutted up to the place, thinking he was sure to win the prize.

"Mr. Jackdaw was not quite so clever as his friend Mr. Parrot, who seeing a feather fall from the Jackdaw, immediately walked up and claimed it as his own.

"Then came another of his friends, another, and still another, until all of his brightest feathers were taken away and there was nothing left but the plain, ugly Jackdaw."

"So you mean by that that I am a plain, ugly Jackdaw, do you, mamma?" said Johnny.

"No, darling, but I mean you will be if you take clothes and hair that are not your own. Be yourself, and let your good deeds draw people towards you, not your dress."

Always wear your own colors, and never try to be what you are not.

*Lottie Eyre.*

#### Willie's Lesson.

WILLIE and several of his companions were just starting on horseback for the river to have a swim, when his father who was coming down the street noticed that the rein of Willie's bridle was almost broken in two.

"Willie," said he, "before you go to the river you had better mend that bridle rein or it will be apt to break; a stitch in time saves nine, you know."

But Willie and his companions were in a hurry, so away they went.

Everything went well until on their return homeward, when Willie's horse, which was feeling very good, started to run. Willie gave a jerk, but instead of stopping the horse, broke the bridle rein, and as a result fell off on his side, breaking his arm.

That night after the doctor had left Willie said, "Well, I have learned a valuable lesson in exchange for this, and that is, a stitch in time not only saves nine, but sometimes a broken bone."

*Edgar H. Reid.*

### The White Water Lily.

In a large farm-house on the outskirts of a city lived little Ethel and Henry Smith. It was their mamma's greatest delight to make these, her only children, happy.

They both attended the district school, and she knew how tired they seemed when they came home from their studies. So one afternoon she planned for them a trip to the lake. Ethel's little lunch basket was brought and filled with nice jelly tarts, some fresh fruit, and cheese sandwiches.

"I know my little ones will enjoy a walk when they find that I have prepared for them such a nice lunch," said Mrs. Smith.

No sooner had she uttered these words than in they rushed all out of breath. After resting a moment, Henry said, "Oh, mamma! you cannot imagine how we love our teacher. She has told us a beautiful story today about a long walk that she had when she was away last summer. Mamma, why cannot we go off on a trip like that?"

"Well, children," replied Mrs. Smith, "you can go," and bringing the ready lunch, kissed them good-by and told them not to be gone late.

Full of happiness the two tripped down the street and were soon far out into the fields.

As they were following a narrow trail that led round a little hill near the lake, they met a poor little girl whose clothes

were torn and tattered. On her shoulder she carried a rake. Her papa was a poor man, and she being the oldest child, was compelled to assist him in the field.

Henry, with a loving smile, asked her if she was tired.

"Yes," said she, "and hungry, too."

"What will you get for your supper?" continued Henry.

"Hot porridge," was the reply. "But tonight," said he, "you shall have something better. Opening the basket he gave her one of the delicious tarts that his mamma had so carefully prepared for himself and sister. She quickly seized it, and without thanking him went on her way.

"You do not need to think you will get any of my tart," says Ethel, coldly. "Why did you not give her some bread and cheese instead of the tart? She did not even thank you for it. What a stupid girl she is!"

"Ethel," says Henry, "you are very rude. Her mamma is poor, and she does not teach her to be polite as our mamma teaches us."

A spot was soon selected for the lunch. Sitting down upon the grassy bank, they began feasting upon the delicious sweets. As they were eating their last bite of bread and cheese, Ethel carefully broke her tart in two, offering the one part to her brother.

"No, thank you," he said, "I do not deserve any; I gave my part away."

She could hide her feelings no longer. A great flood of tears came rolling from her pretty blue eyes. "O, Henry," she said, "I am such a naughty girl. I am sorry I cannot be as nice and good as you are."

"You are as good, but you must remember that God loves children that

are poor as well as He does us, and expects us to treat them kindly."

As Ethel was looking down into the water her quick eye caught sight of a beautiful flower, and forgetting her sorrow she exclaimed, "Henry, do pluck me that white water lily to take home to mamma. It has just blossomed out, and is so beautiful."

They both reached for it, but all in vain.

"Let us leave it until tomorrow," said Henry.

"Tomorrow it will be faded, and besides I want to take it home tonight for mamma."

Henry, seeing his sister's earnestness, tried again, but reaching too far, slipped and fell into the water. Her thought of the lily was now gone. She waited a moment, thinking he would again come above the water, then screamed with affright.

Suddenly there came a slender form almost flying around the bend of the hill, dashed into the water, and seizing the unfortunate boy by the collar helped him out.

Who should this kind benefactress be but the little ragged girl, whom he had so kindly treated about an hour before. Her life had been such as to make her an expert swimmer among other things.

Without thinking more about the white water lily, the three, with thankful hearts, wended their way homeward.

*Leolette Christensen.*

#### UTAH, THE STAR OF THE WEST.

There's a star in the west,  
Where the sun sinks to rest,  
That is shining in brilliancy clear.  
It is newly arisen,  
By Jehovah's decision,  
To lighten the world with its cheer.

Its rare, radiant light,  
Shining forth pure and bright,  
Of silvery lustre possessed,  
Is glowing resplendent;  
Its course is ascendant:  
'Tis Utah, the star of the west!

Enshrined in the mountains,  
Where Nature's cool fountains  
Of life-giving fluids abound;  
She's set like a gem  
In a bright diadem,  
Darting her clear lights around.  
While the warm, mellow gleams,  
And health-giving beams  
Of Phoebus, in bright splendors dress'd,  
Weave garlands of health,  
And rich crowns of wealth  
For Utah, the star of the west.

Her fame is far-reaching;  
Her virtues are teaching  
Wise lessons of justice and right;  
And rays of truth sending,  
In rich colors blending,  
A rainbow of promise and light.  
Her lustres refining;  
No false rays are shining;  
In vestures of purity dressed,  
For light and truth working,  
Her duties ne'er shirking,  
Is Utah, the star of the west!

Like "a bride of the morn,"  
Whom fair beauties adorn,  
With pride she prepares for the groom.  
Her fair form well matured,  
Her rich charms well assured,  
She gladly emerges from gloom.  
With love sweet and tender,  
She'll due homage render  
The groom, with love's ardor possessed;  
Who, with generous power,  
Bestows wealthy dower  
On Utah, the star of the west!

Then by union secured,  
And in wisdom matured,  
Her nobler career will begin.  
Her brave sons will unite  
With her daughters to fight  
Against wrong, and oppression, and sin.  
May her light ever shine,  
With true radiance divine!  
Her union be fruitfully blest!  
May her untarnished fame  
Prove her rights to the name  
Of Utah, the star of the west!

*E. B. Thornton.*



## HOW HE HELPED THE POLICEMAN.

## The Story of a London Arab.

THERE are many Londoners who think Trafalgar Square a very pleasant place. The sound of the din and stir of the streets is far enough off to be soothing, and on hot days the plash and sparkle of the fountains form a welcome change. Then there is a sense of plenty of space and safety which you cannot find in the great busy streets of London.

There is one other charm which is chiefly felt by those who have to go without shoes and stockings—the smooth spread of asphalt over which dirty little bare feet may patter in happiness and safety.

One hot afternoon, when the parks were glorious with many-colored blossoms, and the trees as yet fresh in their soft new green, a small boy was leaning over the parapet round the fountains.

He was dressed only in a ragged pair of corduroy trousers, torn shirt, and one brace, but the water reflected a happy, if rather curious, little face; very dark, shrewd eyes, shaded by almost white lashes, and a tangle of cow-like hair made a comical enough picture. There were few other people about, no one quite close. The nearest person was a tall, broad-shouldered policeman, but his back was turned, and after a cautious look round the boy leaned over and splashed about in the cool water. He tossed it high with his hands, delighted at the imitation fountain it made; then he twisted two pieces of paper into boats, and set them sailing over a sea which he stirred into a storm. It was an absorbing play, and he was lost to all else.

"Get out of that, you young rascal!" called a voice just behind.

The boy turned and found the tall policeman quite close; in trying to escape, he slipped and fell into the water with a great splash.

He was quickly fished out, and when his wet knuckles had rubbed enough water from his eyes to let him see, he saw the policeman looking at him with a perplexed but good-natured expression.

"Here's a pretty pickle you've got yourself in," said the man. "You'd best go home and get dry."

The boy shook himself like a little dog.

"Sun'll dry me quick enough," he said carelessly.

Perhaps the man thought it would be useless to repeat his advice, for he broke into a laugh at the absurd little figure; then he looked troubled, and finally drew out some coppers.

"Here, go and get a feed; you don't look as if it would hurt you, poor little chap!"

The boy seized the money, as if he thought it might be taken back again, and dashed off without a word of thanks; but the policeman had not gone two yards before he was stopped by a "Hi, guv'nor!"

He turned, and the small boy shouted, "Do you a good turn one day, guv'nor!" then he was really gone, and the policeman walked on, laughing at the idea of being helped by such a ragged little fellow.

Yet it seemed as if the boy had a real sense of gratitude, for Police-constable Cox saw him many times after that, and often the bare feet pattered beside the man's leisurely strides, and once or twice a dirty little paw was thrust into the great hand that did not object to familiarity.

The man by degrees learned a good

deal about the boy, who was called Stumpy, and as far as he knew had no relations in the world, but lived about among the people of his court much as a stray dog might; he sometimes attended a large board school, but certainly not often.

"You ought to go to school, Stumpy," said Mr. Cox one day, slowly. He was heavy, and perhaps rather dull, though a valuable and trustworthy member of the force.

Stumpy turned over on his hands and feet, and then brought himself up in front of his friend before speaking.

"That was a stunning cartwheel, guv'nor," he said; "they don't teach you that at school."

"No," said Cox, gravely, "yet there's a deal of good to be learnt there; you're a sharp little chap enough. Do you know why this is called Trafalgar Square, and who the fellow is on that pillar thing?"

Stumpy looked up at Lord Nelson's column.

"Never heard of him," he answered.

"You go to school, then, and they'll teach you," said Cox, impressively.

So for a whole week Stumpy went to school regularly, then he gave up in despair.

"Shan't go no more," he announced; "ain't heard nothing of the old fellow; school ain't no good. You tell me about him, guv'nor."

The tall policeman looked to see that no one was at hand; then he told the story of the great battle, though his own ideas about it were rather confused.

He had the main points right, however, and Stumpy was highly delighted. He expressed his intention of becoming a powder-monkey, and was disappointed when he heard there was little prospect of a big war at present.

The autumn came in damp and foggy; there was a good deal of distress and discontent in London, and Trafalgar Square had to be specially guarded, and so Stumpy saw less of his friend. Once the policeman noticed that the boy limped, and asked him what was the matter.

"Nuffin much," Stumpy answered lightly, and just then Mr. Cox had to stroll towards a suspicious-looking group of men, so he did not see the boy's face drawn with pain.

One particularly foggy afternoon Stumpy could not find his friend. There were very few people about; the lamps made a yellow blur, and in the streets torches were being freely used. The water had no attraction—the fountains were silent; and the boy limped along wearily, too tired to notice a scuffle that seemed to be going on at the top of the steps leading towards the National Gallery. Suddenly a policeman's rattle sounded, and Stumpy started.

"Perhaps it's him," he said, and went towards the steps.

Under a lamp he could see a fierce struggle; two men were trying to rescue another from the hands of the policeman. As Stumpy came up the policeman's helmet was knocked off, and he saw the face of his friend.

"I'm coming, guv'nor!" shouted Stumpy, and charged into the fray.

Decidedly Police-constable Cox was getting the worst of it, for the men were forcing him to the steps, and Stumpy's coming made but a moment's interruption. On seeing the new-comer the biggest man uttered a cry and raised his stick above the policeman's head. Instantly two small hands grasped his leg, there was another cry, the sound of bumps and thuds, and then silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'll stay. He'll know me when he wakes, I'm sure."

Stumpy opened his eyes wearily. Evidently he was in a hospital—but why? He glanced up to see the friendly eyes of his policeman looking down at him; he grinned a welcome, though when he tried to move sharp pains ran through his limbs. Then a nurse put her hand gently on him.

"Does it hurt, old chap?" asked Cox.

"'Taint nuffin," answered Stumpy. "How did it come?"

"Why you stopped that man from killing me, and you and he fell down the steps together. You saved my life, Stumpy; I won't forget."

"Said I'd do you a good turn, and I done it," said Stumpy, with a smile of great content, before he became insensible again.

Most of his free time Cox spent beside the bed of the little city arab. The boy had been much hurt, for there was an old disease of the hip which the fall had made worse, while the other injuries were such that the doctors looked grave when they talked over his case.

"No one comes to see you, Stumpy," said Mr. Cox one day.

"Ain't no one to come but you," said Stumpy.

Cox thought for a moment, then he said, "Shan't you be glad to get out again?"

"There ain't nowhere to go; wish I might die;" and Stumpy turned his face away, but not before Mr. Cox had seen on it a look that his suffering had never brought there.

"I've got a mother," said Cox slowly, as wonderful an old lady as you might wish to see. She says to me once, 'Fred'—that's my name—'It's a bit

lonesome when you're away;' then I asked her how she'd care to have a boy who'd been kind of smashed up to look after, and she likes the thought; and you're the boy!"

"Eh," cried Stumpy, in astonishment.

"Yes, when you leave this hospital you are coming to my home."

Stumpy could only gasp, and when, next day, a fresh-looking old woman came and cried over him, and thanked him for saving her boy, he was content to take things as they were without asking questions.

One afternoon in spring Mr. Cox, dressed in plain clothes, pushed a wicker bath-chair into Trafalgar Square. A small eager face looked out of a shawl's crimson wrappings, and Stumpy's bright eyes gazed round gladly.

"There's the old fellow," he said, pointing with a thin hand to Lord Nelson.

"You'll be tired, dearie," said Mrs. Cox, drawing the shawl round him.

"It's a lovely place," said Stumpy, watching the fountains. "I just am happy. When I'm a sailor like him," with a movement towards Lord Nelson. "I shan't see nicer places, but it'll be jolly to be grown up."

The hand that Cox had on the back of the chair trembled a little, and Mrs. Cox, who was standing behind them, put her handkerchief to her eyes.—*Little Folks.*

THE prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings. It consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character. Here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.



## Our Little Folks.

### BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

#### The Death of Moses.

THE Israelites were always complaining and finding fault with Moses for bringing them out of Egypt. You see they had always lived in bondage or slavery. Having always been slaves, they could not realize that the Lord was going to make them a free nation.

Whenever they wanted meat or water they began to find fault with Moses, instead of asking him to pray that the Lord would provide for their needs.

At one time when they wanted meat they grumbled about it as usual, and the Lord sent great flocks of quails—all they could eat—and they got sick while they were eating, and many of them died.

There was always the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, that they might know the Lord was with them, to lead them and to take care of them; and there was the manna sent fresh every morning except on the Sabbath, but they grumbled about that and said they were tired of it, so the Lord sent snakes into the camp and many of the people were bitten and died.

They then asked Moses to pray to the Lord for them, which he did, and the Lord told him to make a brass snake and put it up on a pole, so that all the people could see it, and whoever looked at it should be made well.

There was no healing power in the brass snake, but they were to look at it just because the Lord told them to do so.

When the Israelites got near the land of Canaan they sent some young men to

see what the land was like and what kind of people lived there.

Two of the young men, named Caleb and Joshua, brought back some fine grapes and figs and other fruit, and gave a good report of the country; but the rest of them told bad stories about the land, and said that the people were all giants and very fierce.

Most of the people believed the bad report, which they ought not to have done, because the Lord had been leading them all the way, and you know He had promised to take them to a good land, where there would be plenty of good things to eat and give it to them for their homes; and they should have believed the two who made the good report and brought back with them such nice fruit. They found one bunch of grapes so large and heavy that they hung it on a pole and carried it between them.

But the Israelites believed the ones who made the bad report; they were frightened when they were told how large and fierce the people were who lived there, and they scolded Moses for bringing them out of Egypt.

The Lord told them that for believing the bad report about the land to which He had led them, and for their constant complaining and faultfinding they should remain in the wilderness forty years, and that all who were more than twenty years old when they left Egypt should die in the wilderness, except Caleb and Joshua, so He led them back toward the Red Sea.

At one time when the people grumbled because there was no water, the Lord told Moses and Aaron to go with the Elders of Israel to a certain rock, and speak to the rock before all the people; but instead of doing as they were told, Moses struck the rock with his rod.

The water came forth abundantly, that the people and the animals might not suffer, but the Lord told Moses that because he and Aaron had disobeyed and dishonored Him before all the people, they should not enter the promised land, but should die in the wilderness.

Aaron died first and was buried and mourned for by the people, but Moses continued to be their leader until they came near the land of Canaan the second time, forty years after he had brought them out of Egypt.

When they were about to enter the promised land the Lord told Moses to come up to the top of a mountain called Mt. Nebo, and he might look all over the land of Canaan, and see what a good land it was, and then he was to die.

He went up and looked at the land as the Lord told him to do, and then died, and the Lord buried him somewhere in that country, but no one ever found his grave.

*Celia A. Smith.*

#### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

##### Items From Grandpa's Log-Book.

ONE afternoon grandpa told us all a story of one of his voyages, and I think it is so nice that perhaps the young readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR would like to hear it. Grandpa called this story "Items from my Log-book." "Log-book" is the sailor's name for diary. I will try to tell this story as near as I can in his own words.

"In 1852 I signed articles of agreement to sail in the barque *Naomi*, bound for Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. We had on board one thousand tons of coal. We soon arrived in the tropics, where the climate was very

warm. Here we saw many flying fish, who sometimes in their flight would fall on the ship's deck. When they fell on the deck in this way we would cook them to eat. Their length was about eight or ten inches, and they were shaped like our mountain trout. These flying fish are of a bright silver color. Their fins, with which they fly, extend from behind the gills down to the end of the tail. They eat small squids or cuttle-fish that jump two or three feet out of the water.

"There is also another fish found in this part of the ocean called the albecore. This kind of fish will follow the ship, and sailors will sometimes catch it with a hook, bated with a piece of white cloth to imitate the squid. To catch this fish we used to get out on the end of the bow-sprit or jib-boom and let our hook, which was bated with a piece of white rag, dip up and down in the water. We caught twelve or thirteen of these fish. They are something like a mackerel, having blue and white stripes alternately across the body. Some sailors will not eat them because they are sometimes poisonous. They obtain the poison from the copper plates on the ships' bottom. There are small shell-fish called barnacles that adhere to these plates. The albecores suck the barnacles off the copper, and by doing so become unfit for use. The sailors' way of testing these fish is to boil a piece of one of them with a piece of silver. If they are good, the silver retains its color; if not it turns black. We did not observe this rule but all of them proved to be good except the last one, which was poisonous. Thirteen sailors out of twenty-two made a hearty breakfast of the last one, on Sunday morning. All of them were poisoned except myself. None of them died, but

some were more affected than others.

"Before taking this voyage I had become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"I thought that since the Gospel was so good and sweet to me that it would be as sweet to anyone else, but I was mistaken. When I went to sea I took quite a number of books and tracts with me to lend to my ship-mates to read. I never allowed a night to pass without asking for God's protection, nor sat down to eat without first asking a blessing upon the food, although I was made fun of by the rest of the crew for so doing. I believe the reason I did not get sick by eating that poisoned fish was because I asked the Lord's blessing upon it before eating.

"A great many boys and girls would think it strange to see a man going up the rigging or over the bows of the ship, when she was rolling and tossing in the sea, to pray. Yet this is what I did. Once while thus praying on the Pacific Ocean a voice spoke to me and told me that when I returned to England I would be called upon to hold the Priesthood, if I remained faithful, and that I would not be able to leave England until I was ordained. When I returned to England from this voyage all that the voice said to me came to pass.

"In four months and twenty days after leaving harbor we arrived at Acapulco. This is the coaling station for the steamboats running from California to Panama. They call here to take in coal in traveling both ways. When I was there, there was a fort that commanded the entrance to the harbor. The houses of the working classes were made of bamboo and mud, and thatched with cane, with dirt for the floor. The church was built of adobes, with a flat

roof and not many windows. It was a Catholic church.

"There was a huge cuttle-fish that got pretty close to the shore in this harbor. A Mexican took the end of a rope in his hand, with a running noose, and dove under the fish and slipped the noose over the fish's tail. Ten or twelve men at the other end of the rope pulled the fish into shallow water. They took from it what they wanted to eat. A shark which we saw in the harbor, and which we supposed would measure about eighteen feet in length, seized the remainder of the cuttle-fish and tried to drag it into deep water again, and it would have done so if the Mexicans had not driven him away.

"While we were there a steamboat came in from San Francisco. While taking in coal, some boys between ten and twelve years of age swam out to the steamboat, and the passengers on the quarter-deck threw small pieces of money into the water for them. No sooner did the coin touch the water than two or three boys would dive in after it. By the way they laughed and chattered you may be sure that one of them got the coin every time.

"After unloading our coal and taking in ballast, we left Acapulco, with its fine harbor, for Callao in Peru. On the passage along the coast of Callao, I was taken sick, as were also two more sailors, the carpenter and the captain.

"Every ship carries with it a medicine chest, also a book telling what kind of medicine is good for diseases. My medicine was a bottle of consecrated oil, which I had taken with me from London. For three days I tried prayer and administering to myself, and found no relief. And wondering why it should be so, and in fact not liking to ask the captain for medicine, I examined my



conduct from the time that I had been baptized and found that I had not done anything to prevent me from receiving that blessing. While still wondering what could be the cause, the Spirit whispered, 'Your faith is weak.'

"All right, I thought, I'll fast tomorrow, and I did so. So being on the look-out, on the last dog-watch, from six till eight o'clock, I went into the fore-castle and got my bottle of oil. I then went over the ship's boughs, administered to myself, and offered up a prayer to be healed, which was answered to my entire satisfaction. When relieved from my duty I went below and ate a hearty supper and went to bed, a place where I could not trust myself during my illness. The captain, the carpenter and the two seamen had taken all the medicine which they could read or think about, yet it was from five to six weeks before they could get about the decks. Then they were so weak that they could not stand without something to lean upon. "While I was sick some of the sailors became more friendly towards me, and would do almost anything for me. They would tell me that if I didn't take some medicine from the captain I would die; but they said they would see that I was well sewed up in the canvas, with plenty of weight at my feet, so that I could make a quick passage to the bottom of the sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Millie Babcock, age 13.*

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

THE world knows that life's greatest successes have followed small beginnings. Give a man brains, physical strength, energy and will, and he will one day reach success.

#### PRIZES OFFERED.

To again remind our young friends, we republish below the list of prizes which we offer for stories, drawings, etc.

FOR BEST ORIGINAL STORY, suitable for this department of the INSTRUCTOR by boy or girl under fourteen—First prize, a handsome set of books entitled Simple Bible Stories; second prize a copy of book entitled Moral Stories.

FOR BEST ORIGINAL STORY, suitable for these columns, by boy or girl between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, large print, cloth bound copy of Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, small print, cloth bound Doctrine and Covenants.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, by boy or girl under fourteen, subject to be chosen by the competitor—First prize, any four books of the Faith-Promoting Series; second prize, copy of the work entitled The Martyrs.

FOR BEST LEAD PENCIL DRAWING, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years of age, subject to be chosen by competitor—First prize, large print, cloth bound copy of the Book of Mormon; second prize, copy of the work called The Martyrs and of the book entitled Gospel Philosophy.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, by boy or girl under fourteen—First prize, cloth bound copy of Life of John Taylor; second prize, morocco, gilt copy of Latter-day Saints' Hymn Book.

FOR BEST MAP OF UTAH, drawn and colored, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, leather gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

FOR BEST PENCIL DRAWING FROM NATURE, competition open to all under the age of twenty years, subject must be

a landscape scene in Utah or surrounding states or territories—First prize, leather, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

FOR BEST HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH, competition open to all under twenty years of age. Each competitor in this class is expected to write an account of the valley in which he lives, stating when and by whom first settled; the principal items of interest connected with its history since first colonized; description of its location and surroundings; the natural curiosities found in it; its population; its industries, etc. That our young friends will fully understand what we mean, we will explain that the competitors who live in Sanpete Valley, for example, will write a sketch of that valley, and its settlement, no matter what town they live in; those living in Utah Valley will write about Utah Valley, and so on. Where there

are large valleys, as for instance Salt Lake Valley, those living in Salt Lake County should write about that part of it only; and those living in Davis County should write only about that one county.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the first six Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, by boys or girls under fourteen years—First prize, copy of Deseret Sunday School Song Book; second prize, copy of Book of Mormon Stories.

FOR BEST SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, consisting of the thirteen Articles of Faith of the Latter-day Saints, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years—First prize, calf grain, gilt copy of Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, leather bound copy of Doctrine and Covenants.

All articles for competition must reach us by December 1st, 1895.

### THE LITTLE MORMON MEETING HOUSE.

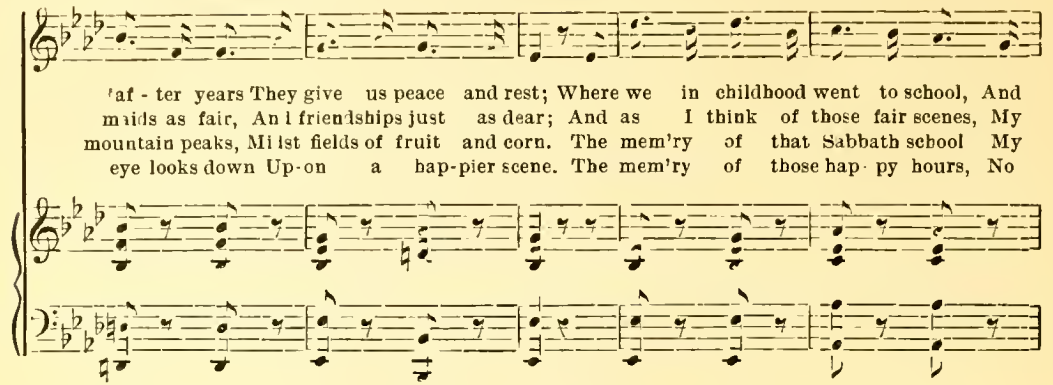
WORDS BY J. H. WARD

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



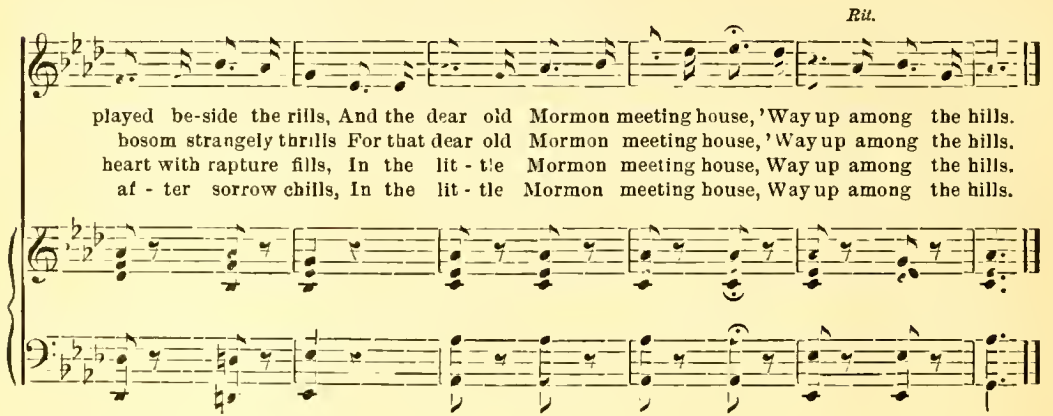
1. The mem'ries of one's ear-ly days Are ev - er dear - est, best; A - mid the cares of
2. The mountain peaks are still as grand, The streamlets flow as clear, The youths as brave, and
3. My parents' cottage still stands there, Where I was bred and born, Beneath the snow-clad
4. On festive days we laughed, and danced, And sported on the green, 'Tis seldom mor - tal





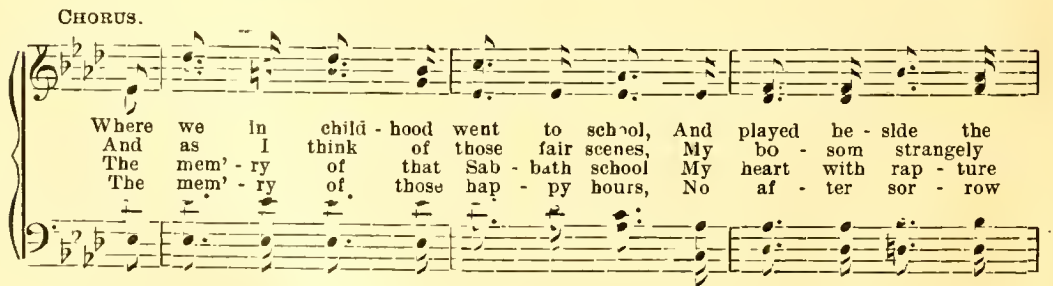
'af - ter years They give us peace and rest; Where we in childhood went to school, And  
minds as fair, And friendships just as dear; And as I think of those fair scenes, My  
mountain peaks, Mist fields of fruit and corn. The mem'ry of that Sabbath school My  
eye looks down Up-on a hap-pier scene. The mem'ry of those hap-py hours, No

*Rit.*



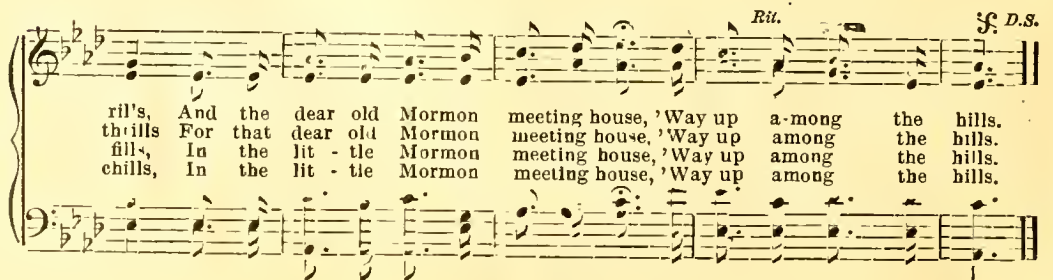
played be-side the rills, And the dear old Mormon meeting house, 'Way up among the hills.  
bosom strangely thrills For that dear old Mormon meeting house, 'Way up among the hills.  
heart with rapture fills, In the lit-tle Mormon meeting house, Way up among the hills.  
af - ter sorrow chills, In the lit-tle Mormon meeting house, Way up among the hills.

CHORUS.



Where we in child-hood went to school, And played be-side the  
And as I think of those fair scenes, My bo-som strangely  
The mem'-ry of that Sab-bath school My heart with rap-ture  
The mem'-ry of those hap-py hours, No af-ter sor-row

*Rit.* *D.S.*



rill's, And the dear old Mormon meeting house, 'Way up a-mong the hills.  
thrills For that dear old Mormon meeting house, 'Way up among the hills.  
fills, In the lit-tle Mormon meeting house, 'Way up among the hills.  
chills, In the lit-tle Mormon meeting house, 'Way up among the hills.



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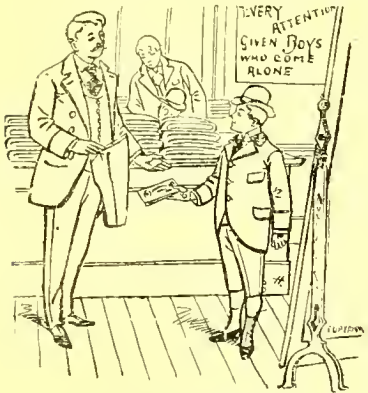
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our

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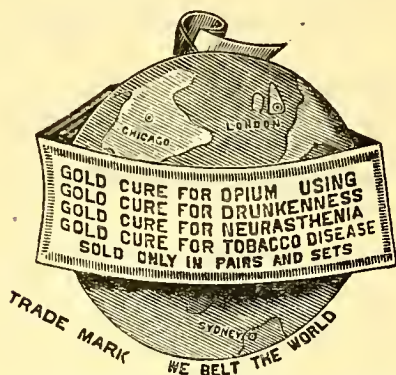
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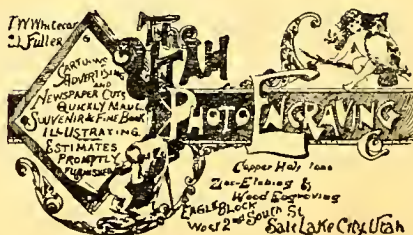
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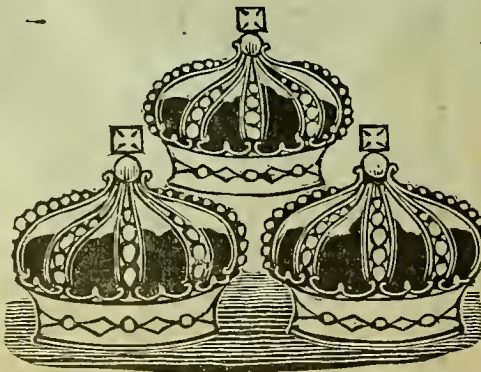
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